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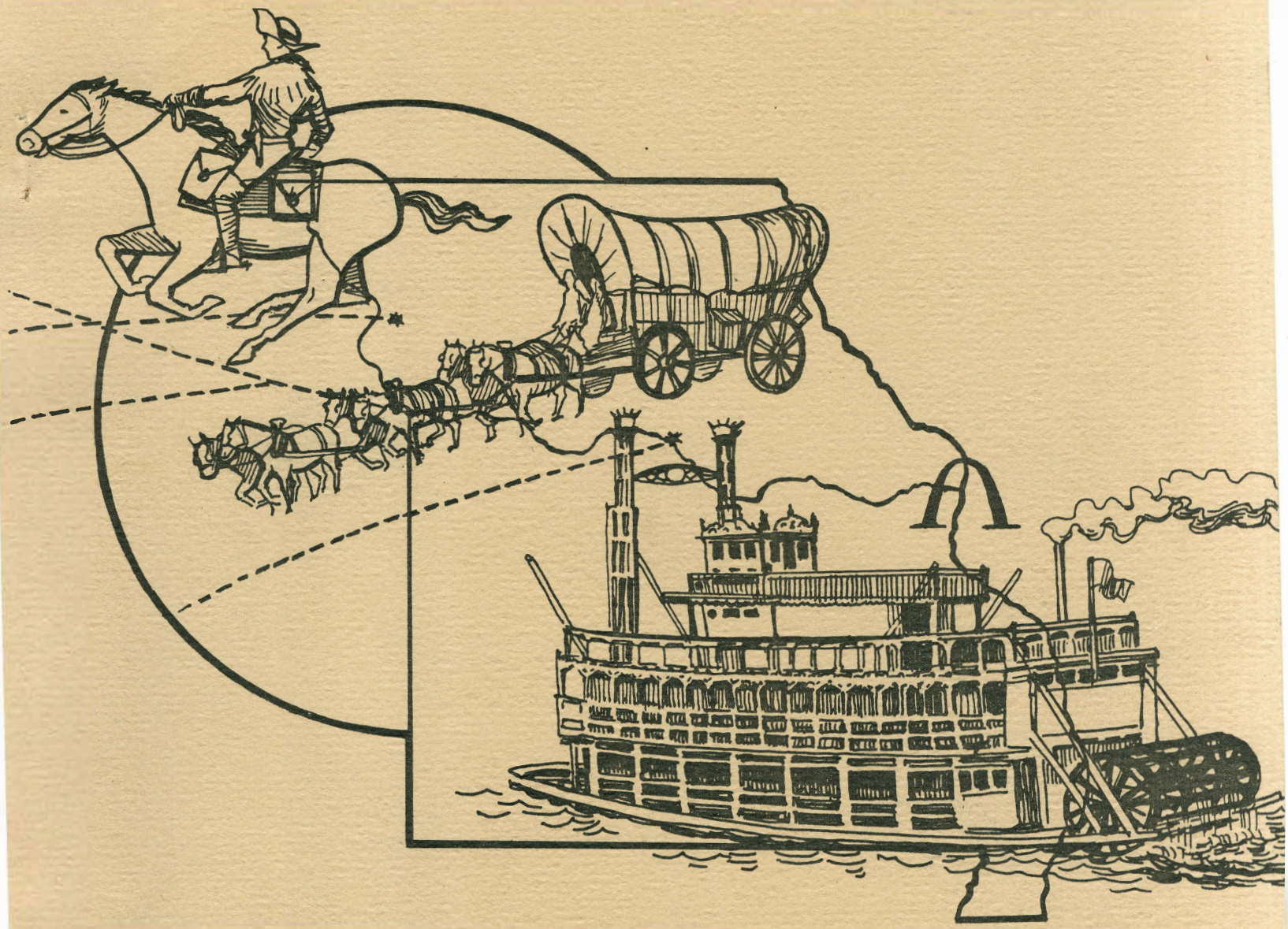

Toward the Setting Sun

TOWARD THE SETTING SUN

The Historical Journal

of

The United Methodist Church

The Missouri Area

Volume III, No. 2 March, 1985

From the Editor:

It has been a good year for United Methodist historians in Missouri. Toward the Setting Sun is completing the third year of its existence with this issue. When we began, back in the fall of 1982, we had no idea if we would be able to interest enough United Methodists to warrant publication---or if we would be able to find enough writers to fill the pages of the journal. Now we know the answer to both is yes. We do not have quite the 200 subscribers we would need to allow mailing on a permit, so some of you are receiving two copies. We hope you are sharing the second one with a friend who might also become a part of our family. We have managed to keep about one issue ahead on articles for Toward the Setting Sun, but we still need your help. In every part of Missouri, United Methodists have played a significant role. We helped to open the state---and the West. We have a proud heritage, and would like to share it more fully. Particularly we are looking for materials from the Missouri West churches, from former Evangelical--United Brethren churches, former Methodist Protestant churches, and Ethnic Minority churches. Please be in touch if you have a story to tell. We'll help you with the words, and make suggestions about the right kind of questions to ask.

This past year also saw the formation of the Missouri Methodist Historical Society, another child of the Bicentennial

Commission. The first meeting was held in Columbia last fall, and the minutes are printed in this issue of the journal. We also are sharing with you the address delivered by Bishop Monk Bryan, an "adopted Missourian", on that occasion. The Historical Society marks a more permanent vehicle for those of us interested in preserving the memories of the past as a prelude to the future. Incidentally, the name---Methodist Historical Society---was chosen over United Methodist because of the intent to open membership to other Methodist bodies in the state---Free Methodist, A.M.E., A.M.E. Zion, C.M.E., and so on.

The third achievement of the year was Richard Seaton's magnificent job in putting together the Bicentennial volume of local church histories and pictures. Many of you will already have read your copy---at least to looking up your own church, and will have some idea what an important book this is. Unless you have been involved in a similar project, you can't know the hours and hours of dedicated labor which went into it. We are grateful to Richard and to all those who worked with him for making this history a reality.

In this issue of Toward the Setting Sun, you will find Bishop Bryan's address to the Historical Society. "Monk", as most of us still call him, is no stranger to Missourians. He served a long and honored career in Missouri, including pastor-

ates at St. Luke's in St. Louis, Maryville, and Missouri United Methodist in Columbia. He was elected to the episcopacy at the Jurisdictional Conference of 1976, held in Lincoln, Nebraska, and served two quadrennia as the head of the Nebraska Area of the United Methodist Church. Now retired, he and his wife, Corneille, live in Lake Junaluska, North Carolina. We are both honored and grateful that he gave the inaugural address for the Historical Society.

Dora Clark, of Montgomery City, is the secretary of the Historical Society. She has served the church faithfully for many years, including---beyond the local church---United Methodist Women and the East Conference Commission on Archives and History.

Carrie Lu Gates is a probationary member of the East Conference, and associate pastor at St. Andrew United Methodist Church in Florissant, Mo. She is a 1984 graduate of Eden Theological Seminary. Her article was originally written for the class in United Methodist History at the seminary.

Andrew Monroe has long since been gathered to the Church Triumphant, but his presence in the M.E. Church, South, in Missouri gave strength and power to its mission. During his long career, he filled every office in the church except that of the episcopacy. He was Presiding Elder, Missionary Secretary, Pastor, Agent for St. Charles College, Delegate to several General

Conferences. During the War Between the States, he presided over the sessions of the Annual Conference in the absence of the bishop and, at the close of the war, called the Palmyra Conference, which issued a ringing call to the Southern Church to continue its existence, and helped that entire denomination to renew itself in mission. We hope to have an article dealing with the Palmyra Conference in the fall issue. The notes on his journey with Bishop McKendree, in this issue, were written while he was still a young pastor in Kentucky. They are printed here to share with you something of the spirit of those pioneer preachers, and to help you become better acquainted with two men whose influence on Missouri was great---Andrew Monroe and Bishop Wm. McKendree.

Good reading! And, as you read and think of ideas that should be written up for the Journal, drop us a line and we'll work together on putting them in print.

Toward the Setting Sun
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The Marks of a Methodist

Bishop A. Monk Bryan

I commend you that you are doing this. Do not be discouraged that you are a small group. There are not many ways in which you and I can be elite. In the area of historical interests, we are a small enough group to be elite. Probably all of you have been down to ground that I consider sacred, at Old McKendree Chapel. The first time I was there, in 1941, the conferences had neglected it, it was, for the most part, forgotten, and when I went there, the weeds had grown up, the place was unkempt. Knowing a part of the meaning of that church, I was hurt. I sent out a letter---in those days first class postage was about three cents---and suggested we come with rakes and other tools and work on the grounds, that we come one afternoon and stay all night and work till lunch the next day. I expected about 40 men to show up---one other fellow and I spent the night there. But that was a beginning--that had something to do with sparking a new interest,and not long after that, the move to restore the chapel began.

Where we live, at Lake Junaluska, there is, just to the east of us, an old two-story house built with a veranda on both floors. Francis Asbury frequently stayed at this house and, when he did, people from the neighborhood would gather on the lawn and he would stand at the corner of the house, on the

second-story veranda, and preach to the crowd. Now, those who know his journals say that he makes reference to about 9 different trips from that house over the mountains, most of the route in what is now the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, coming out at what is now Gatlinburg, Tennessee. I am, as some of you know, interested in horses. I have already found the man who has horses he will let me use. I don't know if I'm talking two days or three days, but if you ever ask me back, my topic will be my trip on horseback along the Asbury Trail over the Cumberland Mountains.

A good number of talks intend to wind things up by tying strands together. The intention of this talk is to move in the opposite direction, and go from where we are fairly sure to where there are some loose strands. As we do that, we might talk a bit about what some of those strands mean to us and how we might pull some of them together.

For those of us who are interested in the history of our church, the Bicentennial has been a magnificent period. The past eight years, Corneille and I have spent a great many Sundays in Nebraska helping local churches to celebrate their centennial. In order to get that pinned down, I have ventured to ask those who will admit to being fifty years old to stand. In almost every congregation, there would be a smattering who would do that. Then I would say, none of you were here when this church was founded. You are 50 years old---let's double

that. That's when this church got started. Let's double that--that's when American Methodism got its start. Let's double that---that would take us to Knowle Parish Church in England, where I have preached four times. That beautiful stone Gothic building was completed sixty years before Columbus discovered America. Double that. We made a pilgrimage some years ago and spent part of a summer at Canterbury. Services have been held on the grounds of Canterbury Cathedral every day of every year for 1000 years! Double that--when you get to Jerusalem, you can find the walls that Nehemiah rebuilt. Just below that, you can find the base of the walls torn down by the Babylonians when they look Judah into exile. We are part of a great procession of faith. And the Bicentennial enables us to be more mindful of it. We needed to be.

The United Methodist Church is made up of 3 kinds of people. One is those who come in by profession of fatih. Many came from other denominations. And many of us have deep roots in the United Methodist Church and its predecessor bodies. The folks in this latter group, including myself, are the ones that ought to be ashamed of our selves. We have had a severe case of denominational amnesia---we have forgotten who we are, and from where we have come. The old phrase is "we have forgotten the pits from which we have been digged".

It doesn't make a lot of sense to try to decide which denomination---Baptist, Presbyterian, Disciples, United

Methodist---is the best. It doesn't matter all that much. It doesn't make a lot of sense to try to decide if football or basketball is the better game. But it makes a lot of sense, if we are going to play the game, to know which game it is we are playing, and what kind of ball we are going to use on what kind of field. We have been hurt, in the United Methodist Church, by not knowing what kind of game we're in. And the Bicentennial has enabled us to be mindful of that. When we are mindful of it, we are aware that our heritage---Church of England--Reformation--Roman church--New Testament church---adds fuel to the fire under our spiritual boilers. Ours is indeed a magnificent history, and I think I would venture to say that no denomination has a more marvelous history than those of us in the United Methodist tradition.

Another privilege we have had was to spend three weeks in Oxford University one summer. One of the courses we took there was on the role of Oxford University and its people in the life of the church. The Anglican church has produced many great leaders. But the Oxford professor teaching the class, when he came to John Wesley, along with Charles a graduate of Christ Church, Oxford, said that more books had been writeen about John Wesley than about any other figure in English church history; that he has had more influence than any other ecclesiastical figure on the course of English history. Tom Langford, Dean of Duke Divinity School, told me that more books still

are being written about John Wesley than about any other church leader of the past. This man had a seminal impact that still persists. You and I are in that tradition.

Let me lift up six marks of Methodism which have enduring qualities, which have branded and marked and molded us, then we will move into some areas where I want to raise the question, have we lost the mark, and is the losing good or bad?

1. Wesley could have used as one of the texts for his life, "you shall love the Lord your God with all your MIND." Remember I said he was a graduate of Christ Church, Oxford. He went to Charterhouse School and when he went to Oxford, he was a 'pauper's scholar', because his family could not afford to send him, but by the end of his first year, he was a King's scholar because of his academic achievemnt. When he graduated, he was asked to become a part of the faculty of Lincoln College, also at Oxford. This ran in the family. His brothers, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all Oxford men. All these loved the Lord with all their minds.

John Wesley was the most prolific writer of his day. When he went to Oxford as a student, he had a stipend of 64 pounds a year.He decided he could live on 42 pounds and put the rest back into the church. Later his writing income made him a wealthy man----but he still lived on 42 pounds, and put the rest back into the church. Much of his life, he was putting more than 95% of his income back into the church. He read and he wrote, and

he impressed the importance of learning on the early preachers. In early conferences, time was spent in theological education. One of his preachers, not wanting to do this, said to Wesley, "I can't read that". To which Wesley replied, "Read as you can until you can read as you would." He put that impact of the disciplined mind on Methodism, which lasts to this day.

In the suburbs of Bristol lies Kingswood, the first of a vast empire of Methodist schools. United Methodism has the greatest system of higher education of any Protestant denomination in the world. That same impetus is found in the church school. You can't be a Methodist without the church school. And I will go so far as to say that there is no way to deal with the very serious membership loss we are experiencing until we regain the rightful place of the church school.

2. Churchmanship. One of the most destructive and most widely accepted ideas of religion is that I can be just as good a Christian outside the church as I can in. Wesley would have viewed that as heretical. There is not a verse of Scripture that can be found to back it up. He did have some things to say about it, because he heard it in other words. He was a churchman--he believed in the Body of Christ. To be a follower of the Lord is not just to be made to feel good, or to have our own individual needs met, it is to be a part of the Body, with every joint supplying something for the good of the Body. When

you go to London, of course you will visit Wesley's Chapel and his house. Of course, you will go to St. Paul's Cathedral. But also, something which almost no one will tell you about, some five minutes walk from Wesley's Chapel are the ruins of the bombed-out St. Luke's Anglican Church. From the days of the Foundry, Wesley led his followers to St. Luke's for communion service. The sacrament of the people gathered was as fundamental in John Wesley's understanding of what it means to be a follower of our Lord as any other thing---the mark of the congregation. We must remember this is a man who taught us churchmanship. This was not a narrow churchmanship. No one knew and loved the Anglican church as he did. But the Christian community is larger than the Anglican church---and he knew the Reformers, the ante-Nicene fathers---all this was to him the church. With that theological understanding, it is no wonder he could say, missionally, "the world is my parish". This inclusive viewpoint came to him in spite of the differences and conflicts within the church. He knew all the heresies, both ancient and 'modern'. He was not ecumenical by saying it doesn't matter. It mattered to him greatly.

3. Preaching. Our cabinet did some studies of John Wesley as a part of the Bicentennial year. He preached 40,000 sermons. I don't know how many sermons 40,000 is. I have thought that I worked hard at preaching. If I started

preaching when I was 20, and preached 7 times a week, I'd have to live to be 167 to get in 40,00 sermons. Two things about his sermons: 1)they were Biblically based. In his Journals, he describes his sermons by telling the text on which he preached, and not the sermon titles. Albert Outler tells us that you don't need titles. When you know Wesley's frame of mind and his text, you know what his message was for that day. 2) his preaching was always to carry the gospel, to win one more soul to Jesus Christ. That is preaching with a passion. If preaching doesn't come out of a burdened heart, and doesn't mean much to the preacher, it won't mean much to the congregation either.

4. Inclusiveness. Most of the earliest names among the Wesleyan preachers were all Oxford men. In our day, going to college is common: 33% of all high school graduates start college. In Wesley's day less than 1% of population went to college. But here were all these Oxford dons, preaching to people most of whom were at the oppoosite end of the social and education scale. And they won them. Wesley never lost his fervor for the folks. He had compassion and the ability to change things. So, those who had never had jobs learned skills and found jobs under the Wesleyan banner. Folks who lived off charity began to have savings accounts. Wesley had a savings and loan at City Road in London before Benjamin Franklin established the first one in the United States. Prostitutes

learned a new way to live, to find a new job to go with a new heart. This inclusiveness has always been a mark of Methodism. We have always had a social action ministry among a wider spectrum of society than any other denomination. One of the questions I want to ask you is to what extent are we still that inclusive to all parts of society?

We are inclusive in lots of other ways. Our ministry has been such among blacks that we have more blacks in the United Methodist Church than in all other predominantly white churches in America combined. We have more Asian-Americans in the United Methodist church than in all other denominations combined. We have more Native Americans than in all the other denominations combined. We have more Hispanics than any other denomination except the Roman Catholic.

We have more women ministers in the United Methodist Church than in all other denominations combined. We haven't done enough in any of these areas, but they are representative of the attempt to be inclusive in United Methodism. And this inclusiveness must always be combined with theological inclusiveness. Some of us have always been a bit uncomfortable with pluralism. It has almost been cheapened to say that anything goes. That would have been anathema to the Wesleys. But there is room in United Methodism for all kinds of thoughtful inquiring minds. If any one has to leave, from either the ultra-right wing or the ultra-left, it is because their "ultra-ness"

has led them out and not because United Methodism has pushed them out. We are inclusive in our theology.

5. If you knew that you were going to have to go blind in one eye, which one would it be? Stupid question--I don't know what the answer is. But before I'd work on that, I'd want a second opinion as to whether I had to lose the sight in either eye. One of things about Methodism is that we have preached a gospel that has had an impact on individual lives and added meaning, and a gospel that is making the Kingdoms of this world to become kingdom of God and Christ---individual gospel and social gospel. Our churches have been divided--standing on one foot or the other, with sight in only one eye. Until our own time, it has been one of our marks that we have been in both individual and social gospels. There have been as many people with trembling hearts at Methodist altars as at any other, and there has been as much food and blankets and social service and systemic impact upon the world order out of Methodism as out of any other source---until our own time in America. In Asia and Africa and Latin America, the Methodists still have it all together---they have good vision. Only in the United States is there a need for a Good News movement to arise. We have seen well from the eye of the social gospel; with the eye of individual relationships with Jesus Christ, we've seen less clearly.

6. Marks of holiness. The Puritan fathers had a great

impact on the Wesleys. We know their names; Wesley knew their writings. We have dropped Puritan to the status almost of a dirty word. We don't know what holiness means. So, when we began to narrow it down, the Nazarenes and some of the other holiness groups left us. We still wrestle with moral issues, and I don't believe anyone wrestles with them any more than we do. When we raise the questions, it is United Methodists who wrestle with them. But, in our rightful struggle to minister to the world, to what extent have we succumbed to be a part of the world? Are we set apart by our life styles?

In my years here in Columbia, we had many wedding receptions at the church, because people knew that they could have a reception here and not have to worry about liquor. But, some had them elsewhere, and when I would go there, and the bars were set up, I couldn't tell my Methodist people from any of the others. In the last eight years, we've had that same awareness with the clergy---we are simply no longer set apart by our life styles. We have lost that impetus of holiness. Our lives are not the examples they used to be.

The Wesleys came to the new world and were in Georgia, at Savannah and St. Simon's Island. I would like to write a book on a subject that most people dismiss---the Wesleys in America. They didn't stay long, didn't do as well as they would have liked, John himself considered their work a failure. But in the brief time they were here, they were faithful in their

pastorates, and today the great Episcopal churches of Savannah and St. Simon's Island display markers saying that the founder of the church was the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Oxonian, with Charles' name added to the plaque in St. Simon's. While he was in Savannah, John Wesley gathered the boys and girls together on Sunday morning for religious instruction--before Robert Raikes did anything about it in England. While he was here, he published a hymnal. He was a loud, clear voice against slavery. His was the loudest voice against liquor in America. And, today if we had a young pastor come out of seminary and, in his first three years, established a school, was faithful in pastoral duties, founded two churches, spoke out against slavery and alcohol, we would say that person had the makings of a pretty good preacher. On that basis, it is not exactly accurate to say Wesley's years in America were a failure.

Now, that stand against liquor. Again, where is our holiness? Why is it that now the United Methodist Church has been unfaithful to its vision for about a generation? Now we're going to be pulled back into the fold by state legislatures and MADD mothers. We're concerned about drugs---chief drug is alcohol. More junior highs use alcohol than any other drug. Where do they get it? What was their model for using alcohol? Their parents and other adults. Where are we with the life of holiness? What does the day ask of us and what can we give? I hope that my thrust for holiness ranks with all the

other marks of Methodism. I close with all kinds of question marks about that. But I do thank you for letting me be here today.

Organizational Meeting for a United Methodist Historical Society

Dora Clark

December 1, 1984, a group of interested Missouri Methodists met at the Student Union, University of Missouri, Columbia, for an organizational meeting.

Jim Sanderson, presiding as temporary chair, called the group to order to explain the purpose for the meeting. Since 1979, an ad hoc committee had been proposing a state organization for United Methodists interested in preserving our history

As a part of the Bicentennial emphasis, the Commissions on Archives and History of both the East and West Conferences decided to make a start by publishing a Journal. To secure funds to finance the publication, a membership schedule was agreed upon; John Gooch agreed to be the editor and materials were to be sent to him for the journals, which would be published semi-annually and sent to the members. The United Methodist Foundation also helped with a very generous grant for initial expenses.

The name agreed upon was "Missouri Methodist Historical

Society", a name broad enough to open membership to all Methodist groups. After earlier discussions and agreement on the value of a collection of church histories, the Commissions on Archives and History undertook the project of collecting histories and pictures of local churches for a Bicentennial Publication. Delivery date will be Christmas week, 1984. The volumes will have 408 pages and 1000 photographs. The pre-publication coast of $22.50 was based on 1500 copies. Only 1059 orders had been placed with Richard Seaton at publication time, so he took the initiative to order the 1500 volumes with the faith that the others would sell, at a publication price of $30.00.

Jim Sanderson reported the Archives and History Account had $1400 and moved that $1000 be used to help cover the unmet costs. Howard Woodruff seconded the motion and it carried.

The report of the Nominating Committee was:

President, Richard Seaton, Kansas City
Vice-president, Eugene Hix, Fayette
Secretary, Dora Clark, Montgomery City
Treasurer, Maurine Whitworth, St. Louis.

Mrs. Whitworth will also serve as membership chair. When no nominations were made from the floor, Fred Meinershagen moved that nominations cease and slated officers be elected by acclamation. This was carried.

Phil Needles moved that John Gooch be re-affirmed as the continuing editor of the journal. Motion carried.

Jim Sanderson proposed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws to be presented to the members at the next

meeting. John Milsaps moved that the executive committee serve as the drafting committee, since they would be meeting anyway. This motion carried, and Gene Hix invited the group to meet in Fayette.

Fred Meinershagen asked if we need to confer with an attorney and have that attorney work with the drafting committee. The answer was in the affirmative, and it was decided to ask the attorney for the Mo. East Conference.

Norma Wilkening moved that the officers be empowered to set the date for the next annual meeting and to act in the intervening period. Seconded and carried.

Richard Seaton reported that he had been unable to compile the new church history publication without an extra 40 pages and this had added an increase in the cost of $2.50 which subscribers will be asked to pay.

Before we were dismissed for lunch, Mary Ellen McVicker reported on a quilt she had just received from the Blue Ridge Church in Kansas City. It included blocks relating to the Bicentennial and was a gift to the Museum.

A show of hands indicated the group preferred a fall date for our next annual meeting, and it will be in Columbia. Our table grace was given by John Milsaps.

After lunch, President Seaton presented Bishop Monk Bryan who gave the address(see the article in this issue of the Journal for that address). We were adjourned after singing the

Doxology.

Jacob Lanius
Pioneer Circuit Rider in Missouri

Carrie Lu Gates

The life of Jacob Lanius typifies the saga of the early nineteenth-century American frontier and the circuit rider. He was one of the most fervent devotees of keeping God an integral part of the life-and-death process of felling the forest, planting and harvesting the fields, building cabins and towns, weaving clothing, and otherwise creating a new world. His personal religion and commitment to the church mark one of the

seedlings whose full growth is the existing United Methodist Church in Missouri.

Born in Fincastle, Botfcourt County, Virginia, on January 9, 1814, Jacob was the first child of Daniel and Mary Lanius. Because of pride in the family history and Daniel's respect for his adventurous father, Jacob inherited the first name of his grandfather. The Lanius family understood and were proud of their family history, traceable for hundreds of years to include their escape from Roman slavery. Jacob's family stemmed from a Bavarian clan that temporarily fell to Roman domination, but then fought so fiercely for freedom that the Romans called the clan leader LANIUS, a Latin word for butcher. Later, the Lanius family became so disappointed and disillusioned with the European economic conditions that they left Bavarian soil for the peace and prosperity which were supposed to be available in the New World.

Jacob's grandfather, also Jacob, was the leader who brought most of his clan to Pennsylvania. Jacob's father, Daniel, soon married, left the clan, and set out for Virginia to find his own brand of peace and prosperity as the proprietor of a saddle shop. Jacob was born soon after their arrival in Virginia.

Two things about this family were quickly apparent. One, it would grow rapidly (Jacob had thirteen brothers and sisters) Two, that it would move frequently (about every three years),

from Fincastle, Virginia, to Washington County, Missouri, to western Tennessee, to Potosi, Missouri. The parents seemed to prefer the wilder frontier west of the Mississippi. Jacob, as the eldest son, was expected to work as hard as his now prospering father to advance the saddle business, and to be prepared to take it over later. However, events in Jacob's life between the ages of eight and eleven changed that plan and shaped Jacob's life toward a religious journey.

A ten-year old in his first town, Jacob began to observe and reflect on the various life-styles around him. In particular, he noted that his parents were given to either work or pleasure on the Sabbath. Other townsfolk rested on the Sabbath after attending the Sabbath schools, and were given to living by some different rules during the week. At about the same time, Jacob's mother began to instruct him in the propriety of prayer, and taught him a single prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep, the Lord I pray my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, the Lord I pray my soul to take." Because of the fear of embarassment if he prayed in the presence of others, he would not kneel to say this prayer before retiring. One positive outcome of this fear was that Jacob found he could pray in peace for as long as he wanted when he was already in bed!

After many evenings of long prayer in bed, Jacob decided he needed to talk with someone about religion. It was during the hot month of August of his eleventh year that Jacob decided

to attend one of Potosi's Sabbath Schools as a curious and interested observer. This same day, he was introduced to Mr. John Brickley, who became a major religious influence on his life. Several years later, Jacob was to comment that "Sabbath Schools are one of the mighty engines in the hands of the Lord to bring about the universal spread of the Redeemer's Kingdom". This single meeting with Mr. Brickley eventually led the youthful Jacob to be a new trial member of the recently formed Methodist Episcopal Church.

From eleven to seventeen years of age, Jacob continued as a studious lay member, but kept being overcome by feelings that his efforts and works were insufficient. The feelings reached the point that he was miserable, reclusive, a poor eater, and an unfit manual laborer. A visiting circuit rider, Brother George Bewley urged Jacob to attend a nearby campground meeting and even gave him a Scripture passage (Proverbs 14:32) and asked him to exhort on the subject. Jacob did exhort--for over an hour!--and it made his soul happy. The next day, he consented to preach instead of just exhort, and took as his text, "Wilt thou be made whole?"---on which he dwelt for more than an hour. His soul was happy and people were converted. He returned home to obtain a license to exhort and sought a recommendation from his Sabbath School class to the Quarterly Conference of the Circuit for a License to Preach. On August 20, 1831, at the age of seventeen, Jacob was licensed to preach.

He next applied to the new Missouri Methodist Annual Conference, was received on trial, and two months later was appointed to ride the Bowling Green Circuit. Jacob was seventeen ready, willing, and able to ride wherever there were lost souls.

A lingering regret was his family's response of indifference to these fast-paced changes in his life. Even more was the regret that they were not also making the commitment to Christ and major turn-abouts in their lives. However, he felt no fear about his new works; he was familiar with horses, he was young and strong and ready to ride, and his soul was on fire to live free of sin and to take the Gospel to all he could reach. In fact, his first theological reflection would be on sanctification and, in particular, the height of perfection and purity he could attain in his life.

As a newcomer to the circuit experience, he had to learn how to imporvise his gatherings; to ride about and introduce himself at homes, in the fields, at stores, and then arrange appointments to preach so all those he had visited could plan to attend. Jacob quickly encountered several influences which impeded his planned rate of progress. The distances, weather, and the wilderness (flies, ticks, fleas, mosquitoes, etc.) became almost unbearable at times, even for a youth with his zeal. When he made herculean efforts to overcome these forces to reach his 'appointment' he found, in too many instances,

those previously contacted never made the effort to get to the meeting place. In some instances, those who did make the effort were overcome by the sleep demon during his sermon but could be awakened for the eating and socializing afterward. Another too common occurence was congregations consisting of only a few women and children. Since these meetings were usually in homes, the children began to be aware of other, more pleasant, things to do and became fidgety and disruptive. Jacob many times felt the need for long prayers for perseverance.

For seven years (until his twenty-fourth year), Jacob Lanius continued to work hard as an itinerant circuit rider, changing cirucits often, as he was appointed by the bishop of the Missouri Conference. He was always a dedicated soldier in the battle for souls for Christ.

His age, his accrued experience, and his continued theological reading and reflection were making him more and more ef fective in the tasks of the ministry---preaching, communion, organizing classes, conducting weddings and funerals, and so on. He also began to notice that much warmth and fellowship and love could be built over just visiting and listening to his congregation. This new interest led him to begin counseling some of his class members when time permitted. Time for this was scarce in times when one circuit round was 800 miles and 245 sermons within the conference year. However, Jacob felt a

need to listen more and learned two things that led him to make two crucial decisions.

One was that the wilderness people wanted and needed more long-term contact with civilization and the outside world. This led Jacob to load as many books and journals as his horse could carry and charge a few cents for the loan of a book until he returned for it. He found that this practice improved the reader, made his visits and stay-overs more interesting, and supplemented his very meager income.

The second was the need for physical aid for those he visited, many of whom were ill and thus distracted from the spiritual matters in which he was most interested. He also found himself prevented from making appointments because of maladies such as fever, chills, and toothaches. Jacob had grown to observe that people were a mix of physical, mental, and spiritual characteristics. So he expanded and improved his ministry and preaching for spiritual development, loaned books for mental improvement, and gave medicine for the physical well-being of persons on his circuit. He was very limited in his understanding of medicine, but thought it so important that he applied for and received a sabbatical from the Annual Confer ence to attend Transylvania University in Kentucky. There he studied medicine and basic techniques to cure fevers, burns, broken bones, toothaches, snake bites, and other commonplace frontier maladies. Jacob never swayed, however, from his con-

viction that saving souls was his most important mission and was also to occupy the vast majority of his time.

Jacob Lanius spent much time in the saddle in thought and many hours in the homes of his hosts reading in order to improve both his "service for conversion" and his continuing classes to nurture converts. Whether in a home, in the field, at a community social, or, very infrequently, a church, Jacob would adjust the hymn singing, Scripture, and sermon to fit the scene, the congregation, and sometimes even the weather! His main thrust at all times was commitment, and the focus of the service was the invitation to his hearers to make their commitment to Christ, and to His Spouse, the Church. He intended to be, and was renowned for being, a powerful preacher. He exhibited great intensity and was known to go until two o'clock in the morning with those mourning their sins and wrestling with their God-decision. He would improvise a "mourner's bench" where these searchers could focus their attention and not be disturbed. This bench many times became the source of moans, groans, hideous cries, shouting, and prostration. When conversion was accomplished the same bench became a celebration bench where Christ was embraced and mourning was replaced by joy. Joy was also found when "backsliders" were reclaimed and "lukewarm" Christians revived. Jacob never wanted any slackening in these new commitments to Christ and the Church, so he would choose leaders to hold classes regularly while he was absent.

This banding together was to nurture the Christian bond through study, prayer, worship, and social contact. On his return to the circuit, he would leave the classes to expand their covenant and review their progress. The Discipline was used, along with the Bible, to assess the progress of individual Christians and classes. The Disciplinary rules were used to both counsel and judge the church. Members (of either class or church) were expelled for swearing, drinking alcoholic beverages, and poor attendance at class meetings.

Lanius was unswerving in taking such drastic measures even though several fellow Methodists pointed out the dangers of loss in the face of competition with the Baptists, Campbellites, Presbyterians, and Catholics. He was convinced of his allegiance to the true church. Many times, he suffered from conflict with persons from other denominations. Some Catholics heckled him at some of his outdoor meetings. It also was not uncommon for a Baptist or Presbyterian minister to arrive earlier than the stated appointment and be underway or finished with a servce when Jacob arrived on the scene.

There were serious personal rifts over doctrinal differences. One of the primary ones was with the Baptists and the Campbellites, who insisted on baptism of adults only by immersion. On more than one occasion, his journal records a lengthy debate with ministers from one of the other denominations over the meaning and method of baptism.

During those seven years on the circuit, Lanius rested very little. He became more and more sick and susceptible to chills and fevers. He never relented in his efforts, however, and spent much time in praying for strength. He had been at odds with his fellow itinerants for wanting settled churches, and even more for getting married and reverting to local manual labor to supplement their preaching income so they could support their families.

His new appointment included Fredericktown, in Madison County, and there he met Nancy Tong, the daughter of Theodore and Drusilla Tong, a warm, Christian family. Just as he had wrestled six years to make the decision to preach, it took Jacob three years to gain his own consent that marriage is truly an institution which yields mutual felicity between a man and a woman, as God had intended, and therefore as an acceptable state for himself.

One of the considerations with which Lanius had struggled over the idea of marriage was his awareness of over five million Indians in the Missouri territories, all of whom needed the saving word of God's grace. He knew that another minister had lived for two years with these Indians and was treated with the utmost respect. In spite of that, however, he had never had one conversion among the Indians. One day, while travelling out of Indian territory, Jacob came across a small cemetery for whites and observed that time is short for all of us.

It was not long after this reflection that he sought and gained Nancy Tong for his wife. They were married on July 23, 1839.

After the wedding Jacob and Nancy Lanius attended the Annual Conference in Fayette, Howard County, Missouri. There, he received an appointment to the Cape Girardeau District, near his wife's parents. He was discouraged and felt the prospects were gloomy because of the scattered population and the lack of concern for religion on the part of the people. He worked hard in the Fredericktown, Jackson, Cape Girardeau area, operating primarily from the home of his in-laws. He even sought and received conference approval for a housing allowance for those arrangements!

Always in the forefront of his life was the quest for holiness and a sin-free existence. He read and re-read Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection". Public issues related to the holiness question were an important part of his ministry, especially temperance. He worked to bring the temperance question before the Annual Conference and to restore as a part of the church of his day Wesley's original rule on temperance. He had every intention of then using that as a tool to cleanse the church of the defilement of alcohol.

For two consecutive years, Jacob had been appointed to the same area, but when he missed the 1841 Conference because of domestic matters, he found that he had been appointed to Palmyra, in the northern part of the state. The pronouncement

left him shocked and sorrowful. The family had to sell all their household property to buy an extra horse and carriage to make the journey to Palmyra with their two infant sons, one six teen months and the other one month old. The fourteen-day carriage trip in the bitter December weather proved to be very dif ficult.

Jacob Lanius labored long and hard in Palmyra, but found a very indifferent community. He was disappointed by the conversions of only seven whites and two blacks. Moreover, others had to be expelled for immorality or laid aside for a breach of the rules. Even though his congregation requested his re-appointment for a second year, Lanius protested to the conference at Jefferson City that another should be appointed to do a better job than he. He was re-appointed and returned home to find cause for even greater concern. His baby son, William Henry, was gravely ill and remained very serious until his death about one month later, on September 22, 1842. Jacob was twenty-eight years old and had been married for only three years.

The last known entries in his journal contain the laments over the death of his son. He continued serving the church for another nine years, to the age of thirty-seven. At the Conference in 1851, he was elected on the first ballot to be the Missouri delegate to the General Conference in the spring. However, he was taken very ill after returning from the 1851 con-

ference and died only a few days later. He was buried in Glasgow, Missouri.

Jacob Lanius was converted at eleven, licensed to preach at seventeen, granted deacon's orders at nineteen, ordained an elder at twenty-one, married at twenty-five, and died at the age of thirty-seven. His life is an example of the dedication and self-giving that was required to begin a new church in a new state.

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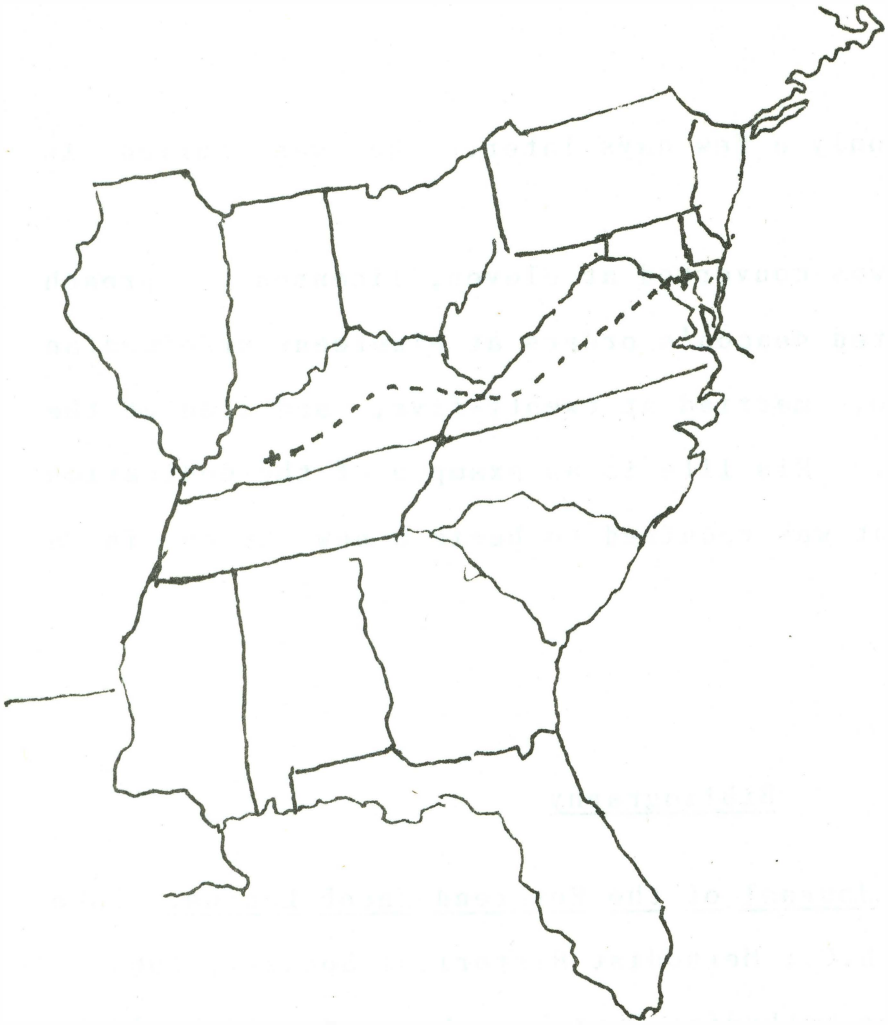

Notes of Travel with Bishop McKendree

The Rev. Andrew Monroe

(copied from the Appendix to Life and Times of William McKendree, by Robert Paine, Nashville: the Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1870. Volume II, p. 325-330)

At the Nashville Conference, held in the autumn of 1819, I was appointed to the charge of the Bowling-green Circuit, Kentucky. About the middle of February, I received a note from Bishop McKendree, written from his brother's, Dr. James McKendree, near Fountain Head, Sumner county, Tennessee, where he

had for some time made his home. He requested me to make ready and repair to his quarters, to accompany him to the city of Washington. The Bishop had been long in bad health, and was still very feeble; so much so that his friends remonstrated against his undertaking the journey. The winter was open and wet, making the roads almost impassable; besides this, we were going on horseback, which would have been a severe tour for one in the vigor of life and health; but the Bishop's heart was set upon meeting the preachers of the Baltimore Conference, which was to meet in Georgetown, District of Columbia, and neither bad health, advanced age, nor intolerable roads, could intimidate that extraordinary man of God. Getting a supply for my place, I made ready, and in a few days met the Bishop, who was bouyant in spirit and full of resolution. He was provided with the necessary fixtures---riding horse, pack-horse, etc.--- for the journey. We spent the first Sabbath together at Salem. The venerable Valentine Cook had come there to have what he supposed to be the last interview with the Bishop. Cook preached and the Bishop exhorted. Our stopping-place was Brother Cryer's. We left Monday morning, Brother Cook accompanying us. We traveled about twenty miles through mud and rain, and stopped for the night at the house of a friend. I found by this time that my position would subject me to much responsibility and toil, and that my duties were of a very delicate character; but still I considered the society of the Bishop to

be more than a remuneration. Tuesday morning we parted reluctantly with our veenerable friend, Brother C., and proceeded on our journey. Nothing of special note occurred during the week. We averaged about twenty miles per day. At this rate of traveling, the Bishop was often so fatigued as to need hlep in dismounting; but in the morning he was ready for breakfast by candle-light, and the first to mount his horse. Although he always desired early breakfast, he never failed (whether at a public or private house) to have religious worship. This he made a part of his duty, either for night or at noon for dinner. I remember but one instance in the whole journey of leaving a house without prayers, and that was at a large hotel at Orange Courthouse.

We arrived Saturday evening at an old acquaintance of the Bishop's, who lived a short distance from Kingston; remained with him overnight; rode into town in the morning, and stopped with Brother Richards, who kept a hotel at the time. I think he was a local preacher.

Here we met the Rev. Benjamin Edge, preacher in charge. The Bishop preached a short sermon at eleven o'clock, from 2 Peter i.10. The discourse was doctrinal and argumentative. In it he gave predestination no quarters. I tried to preach at night in the hearing of the Bishop, which was a great trial to me. Here I saw his tenacity for rule severely tried. A local preacher had come from a distant part of the circuit, who

claimed to have a certificate of election to Deacons' orders; but as he had no expectation of meeting the Bishop, his paper was left at home. Brother E. was present at his election, and joined him in requesting the Bishop to ordain him. At first he positively refused, and repelled every argument until Monday morning, when he reluctantly yielded to their importunity, and ordained him, after which we started on our journey. The weather was warm and the mud still deep.

In this connection, I will mention an incident which brings out one trait in the Bishop's character. We had been de tained far beyond the usual time of starting; he had been worried and his patience much tried. I was perplexed in getting off, and forgot his canister of bark. After traveling about half a mile, he inquired if I had put it up, when I answered in the negative. He reined in his horse, took the led-horse from me without saying a word, but in any thing but a pleasant manner. I returned immediately, and getting the forgotten medicine, soon overtook him. We traveled for several miles without speaking; he finally broke silence by remarking that, from long sickness and fatigue of the journey, he had become impatient; that he did not know how I bore with him; but if I would forgive him, he would try and do better. That, of course, was an end to the difficulty. He considered it noble to confess a fault; and his manner was so child-like and sincere, that it was a perfect cordial to the wounded spirit. He complained

that day more than usual; stopped with an old friend some time before night; suffered much during the night from asthma, but was ready to renew the journey at an early hour the next day.

. . . . . .

After breakfast, and the payment of a moderate bill, we went on our weary way twenty miles, through the deep mud, to Orange Court-house, where we stopped at Brother McCormick's. Most kindly did they receive the Bishop and his traveling companion---for in this way he always intorduced me. We had a pleasant time. A conversation occurred, in the course of the evening, which may interest some of my readers, as it did me at the time. It shows the state of things in Virginia in 1820.

Mr. McCormick was complaining of the want of an adequate supply of preachers. He said, "We have not enough, and then many of the charges are in the hands of young, inexperienced men". He said that other denominations had the advantage of ours. The Bishop listened attentively to his complaint, and then, in a tone and manner of his own, replied, "It is your own fault---I mean the fault of you Methodists". All seemed surprised, and Brther McCormick inquired, "How so?" "Well," said he, "the preachers marry, as they have a right to do; then you drive them from the field, by withholding a support."

I learned from the conversation that there was great opposition to married preachers, and also, that although the Bishop was an old bachelor, he was a friend of the married

preachers and their families.

We remained at Orange until Tuesday, when we went on as far as Fauquier, where the Bishop, at the earnest entreaties of his friends, preached, to a congregation hastily gotten up, a most admirable discourse, holding his delighted hearers spell-bound for about forty minutes. His theme was "God's love and faithfulness to his children". He had recently passed through the crucible, and was prepared to speak from experience. He illustrated the providence and promises of God with remarkable clearness, and applied them with power.

The next morning we continued our journey. The Bishop's health was somewhat improved, and as we approached nearer our destination, he became more buoyant. I think it was Thursday, a little after noon, when we reached the Potomac bridge. Such a bridge, across such a sheet of water, was to me a grand and novel sight. But the scene was characterized by two incidents: the first was the terror that seized our horses--they were so frightened as to give us strong grounds for fear on our part; the second was a sudden snow-storm, which met us with great violence midway upon the bridge---we were quite enveloped for some moments, so that we could see no land. While in the midst of danger, I could but ask the question, Have we been preserved in this long journey, to perish in sight of the destined point? But, thanks and praise to Him who "directs the whirlwind and guides the storm", the violence was soon over, and we arrived

safe on land. The Bishop knew where the Conference held its sessions, in Georgetown; so we bent our way immediately to the place, and alighting from the carriage, he left the horses to my care, and without notice presented himself in their midst. He was received as one from the dead---many not expecting to see him this side of eternity. After many salutations and much rejoicing, we were conducted to the residence of Mr. Foxhall, one of the Bishop's old and tried friends, where we had our quarters. He met the Conference that evening, and addressed the body in an interesting and affectionate manner. The subjects that principally occupied his mind, and of which he conversed freely with the preachers and prominent members of the Church, were the missionary cause generally and the Indian missions in particular. Another was the principles of Church-law and polity---the power of the ministry and the rights of the membership, as secured by constitutional law. He also deprecated what he considered a tendency to congregational, or local Methodism. He was very cheerful---seemed thankful that he had been preserved through the toils and dangers of his long journey, and addressed himself faithfully to the discharge of his duties, being the promotion of the permanent interests of the great missionary enterprise. The Bishop had come to the city clad in Tennessee jean, not by any means of the finest quality. This, of course, the city-folks could not endure; so, in a very short time, he was presented with a full suit of fine black

broadcloth. I remember that he seemed slow to make the change, and when in the act of doing it, he remarked to me, "I am afraid of fine things; fine things delude the soul". Many ordinary Christians boast that they are not afraid of finery; yet this great man of God, past his three-score years, was afraid of its influence, because he was acquainted with the deceitfulness of sin and the wiles of the devil. Those were points that he had studied most thoroughly, as every minister and Christian ought to do.

Although we had many difficulties, owing to the Bishop's deep-seated infirmities, the weight of care which continually pressed upon his head and heart, the rain, mud, and mire, and the horses' being badly adapted to the service, still we had cause to be thankful for our health and safe arrival.